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AN

ORATION

DELIVERED IN TAMMANY HALL, IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

BIRTHDAY

OF

THOMAS PAINE:

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION

*Of the 95th Anniversary of that Day, (29th January 1832,) by the friends
and admirers of his writings.*

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ORATION.

[THE Birthday of MR. PAINE falling this year on a Sunday, it was thought advisable to postpone the DINNER and BALL in commemoration of that event, to the following day, and to have the Oration delivered on the preceding evening. Although that evening was, perhaps, as stormy as any other during this remarkably severe winter, Tammany Hall was crowded by as respectable an audience of ladies and gentlemen as New York could produce, to listen to the following ORATION, delivered by Mr. JOHN MORRISON.]

FELLOW CITIZENS,—

WE are now assembled together to render a tribute to the memory of one of the greatest men that ever existed ; yet, paradoxical as it may appear, the man on whom the most virulent and unrelenting abuse has been poured, for declaring his honest opinions as to what constitutes the happiness of the human race. Fearlessly, and in despite of what his base calumniators may say, we are now met in this place for the avowed purpose of proclaiming to the world our unqualified approbation of the principles so powerfully advocated, even at the risk of all that was dear to existence, by the ever to be venerated and truly philanthropic THOMAS PAINE.

Although we were not prompted to render this tribute to the memory of the deceased by the force of established custom, no one, I trust, will deny that meetings to commemorate the natal day of those who have been conspicuous laborers in the great work of human happiness, are calculated to stimulate the living to emulate their virtues, and to communicate to the bosoms of their descendants the just and noble sentiments that animated their own.

In undertaking the arduous, though pleasing task, of endeavoring to do justice to the character of this amiable man, I am deeply impressed with the truth of what has been more than once remarked, that the present age is incapable of sufficiently appreciating the imperishable labors of his mighty mind. I have likewise felt, that my talents were too feeble to depict, in its true colors, the bitter animosity with which his character and writings have been assailed, and the heartlessness with which even those who profess to admire these writings, have defended the fair fame of their author. But as my object has been to state *facts*, rather than indulge in idle declamation ; and as I am persuaded the greater part of those who now hear me would prefer this course to a florid harangue, in which sense was sacrificed to sound, I throw myself entirely on your in-

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dulgence, while I proceed to do no more than what I consider an act of justice, and what, as rational beings, we owe to all our species,—the vindication of an injured man from the vituperations of bigotry and fanaticism.

THOMAS PAINE, although a native of Great Britain,* was, in the strict sense of the word, a citizen of the world. Long before the American “Declaration of Independence” announced the important, and, to tyrants, the appalling truth, that “all men are born free and equal,” he had cherished this sentiment in his bosom; and the first proof that he gave of its paramount influence in his mind, was, to fly to the aid of his brethren in this country,† who were struggling to free themselves from a cruel and foreign despotism. He could not, it is true, be of much service in a military point of view, to those he came to assist. But what he lacked in this respect, he more than supplied by his powerful pen. When the army of the brave Washington was reduced to nearly the last extremity, and the opinion was almost universal that the cause of American liberty was hopeless, Paine, confident in the correctness of his principles, and determined to avow them at all hazards, stepped forward, and in his admirable treatise entitled “Common Sense,” and in the “Crisis,” urged the necessity of a virtual separation from the oppressors, and the formation of a government congenial with the true principles of liberty.

This fearless attempt, in which he stood alone, had the desired effect. The project was almost unanimously hailed with rapture. The slumbering energies of the nation were roused—our forefathers rushed to arms—and, by conforming to those principles which the mighty mind of Paine was alone capable of conceiving, that political fabric was reared of which we now so justly boast, because it is calculated to secure to all the uninterrupted enjoyment of their natural rights.

Having aided, in so essential a manner, in establishing the liberties of this country, and perceiving in the political horizon indications of better days for enslaved Europe, he hastened to his native country,‡ which he reached at the moment the breaking out of the French Revolution threatened the overthrow of all the existing thrones in that quarter of the globe. Here he associated with those great men,§ whose memory will be ever held dear by the friends of liberty, for the sacrifices they made in the common cause of humanity; and from whom emanated that impressive “Address and Declaration,” written by Paine, in which they “congratulate the French nation for having laid the axe to the root of tyranny, and for erecting a government on the sacred hereditary rights of man—rights which appertain to all, and not to any one more than another;” and fearlessly declared, that they “know of no human

* Mr. Paine was born at Thetford, in Norfolk, England, on the 29th Jan. 1737.

† He arrived in the United States in the month of April, 1775.

‡ 1787.

§ Horne Tooke, Thomas Hardy, and others.

authority superior to that of a whole nation, which has at all times an inherent, indefeasible right to constitute and establish such government for itself, as best accords with its disposition, interest, and happiness."

This appeal, containing an avowal of principles so subversive of established systems, roused the indignation of the aristocracy in Great Britain to such a degree, that the most oppressive measures were resorted to, in order to prevent their promulgation, and to punish those who had had the hardihood to avow them. By the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act, hundreds were imprisoned without knowing for what. Some of these were brought to trial accused of high treason, and acquitted: others, charged with sedition only, were convicted, and transported to inhospitable climes, for a long series of years, and from whence, with only one exception,* none of them ever returned to their native land. Paine, not having been suspected at this time by the English ministry as having been any way active in exciting the public mind, escaped unnoticed. But when the writings of the apostate Burke,† who was hired for the purpose of assailing the principles of the French Revolution, induced Paine to give to the world the "Rights of Man," he then became particularly obnoxious to the government, who immediately marked him out for destruction. Before, however, the schemes for his ruin could be completed, he was elected a member of the National Assembly of France, by several electorates; and having made choice of Calais, a deputation of his constituents waited upon him in England, to escort him to Paris, where he was received with that attention which must ever prove gratifying to a noble-minded, and truly virtuous man.

While in the National Assembly, the talents of Paine were remarkably conspicuous in repelling every attack on the new Constitution; and when the unfortunate Louis was on his trial at the bar of that house, he evinced his great humanity by voting in opposition to the sentence which sent that monarch to the scaffold. For this intrepid act Robespierre never forgave Paine. During the reign of terror, this sanguinary despot caused him to be imprisoned; but he fortunately escaped the decapitation which this scourge of the human race intended to inflict.

Hitherto the attention of Paine had been chiefly directed to a revolution in *politics*; and although it must have gratified him much to witness the beneficial effect of his writings in Europe, as well as in America, his penetrating genius could not fail to discover that no nation could be considered *free*, while the mind was trammeled with opinions subversive of the first principles of liberty. He had, doubtless, taught mankind that they were best qualified to govern by representatives chosen from among themselves, without the aid of kings or of nobles. But he could not shut his eyes to the fact, that besides kings and nobles, there existed another power in

* Maurice Margarott.

† Vide Appendix No. 1.

alliance with these—a power continually opposed to the civil power—consisting of a body of priests, who, in virtue of their pretended *divine* mission and *sacred* office, arrogated the right of giving laws to the universe. Puffed up with the titles they had given themselves, he saw these men every where laboring to exact obedience, and claiming dangerous prerogatives, which none were suffered to question without incurring the displeasure of the Almighty. And so well had the priesthood managed this matter, that, in many countries, the people were to be seen inclined more to the authority of the church than to that of the government. Indebted to the priesthood for what *they* styled the “right divine” to govern, the rulers of the earth were, on their part, necessarily compelled to concede to this order an undue influence, and to confer on its members dignity, titles, and revenues, which enabled them to become the rivals of sovereigns, and to dispose of their crowns at pleasure. Thus invested, the people were subjected to the will of the priesthood, whose principal aim was to deprive the mind of its vigor, by instilling into it a senseless superstition. Vice thus became encouraged; and largesses to the church supplied the place of morals, and atoned for the most atrocious crimes. Such, indeed, was the ascendancy that the priesthood had acquired, and still hold in many countries, that they hesitated at no crimes, however enormous, or however much they violated the principles of humanity. The bonds of justice were too weak to restrain their vicious propensities; and when they found it necessary, which they frequently did, to raise the cry, “the church is in danger—our religion is assailed—the cause of heaven must be defended”—men became irrational beings; they imbibed the ferocity of the tiger, and, like beasts of prey, thirsted for the blood of their fellow men, whom the artful priest had marked out as victims of cruelty.

History is filled with so many instances of the atrocities of this order of men, that volumes might be written on the subject. Can it be a matter of surprise, then, that Paine, with this history lying before him, stained with so many crimes of the priesthood, and having himself witnessed, on many occasions, the pernicious effect of their influence and example—can it, I say, surprise any one who reflects for a moment, that he whose whole mind was fully bent, at all hazards, on ameliorating the condition of man, should employ his great talents in exposing this monstrous evil? The surprise would rather have been, that he should have refrained from endeavoring to prostrate a power fraught with so much danger to human happiness; because he must have foreseen, and his writings show he did foresee it, that so long as the human mind is entirely submitted to the control of an interested priesthood, who say and do as they please, so long will mankind remain in a state of abject slavery. For of what avail is it to be *politically* free while *mentally* enslaved? Of what use is it to be acquainted with the “rights of man,” if our “reason” is not at perfect liberty to make a proper application of these rights?

Viewing matters, therefore, in this light—the light in which Paine evidently contemplated them,—convinced that the man who sways the *mind* of another, has as great a power over his *actions*, as if he actually held him in fetters, he engaged in the task of *mental* emancipation with the same ardor, and pursued it with the same steady perseverance, that had marked his former career. As when assailing political corruption he felt unawed by the *sacred* character with which they had invested royalty, so when he commenced the “Age of Reason,” he was regardless of the trickery of the priesthood, who have fenced their dogmas round with “holiness,” and, for the purpose of preventing the too inquisitive from prying into their mysteries, and exposing their frauds, have inculcated the doctrine that there are certain subjects which ought to be approached with “reverential awe,” and humble prostration of intellect. Disdaining a doctrine so infamous—a doctrine by which kings as well as priests have too long contrived to perpetuate their despotic sway, Paine entered on the investigation of “theology” with a mind entirely free from prejudice, and with a determination to exercise the noble faculty of Reason, which the priests had so much decried, but without which even they, with all their boasted learning, would be worse than the brute species. However much this band of conspirators against the exaltation of human nature declaimed against free, unrestrained discussion, Paine was not to be intimidated. Where Truth was the object contemplated, it appeared to him the greatest absurdity to suppose that any one could go *too far* in their investigations; and ridiculous to expect that the enemies of Truth could be silenced by soft and honied words. Nor could he conceive how the eyes of others could be opened to imposture, by drawing a veil over its deeds. To rid the world of spiritual tyranny, he saw the necessity of attacking it fearlessly, and depicting it in its true colors; for if it was not represented as it really was; if mankind were not put on their guard in a language which all could understand, against those who *traffic* in deception, how could the cause of mental emancipation be promoted; how the reign of error and of priestcraft be terminated?

To justify the encroachments the priests had made on public liberty, they pretended that they were “Ambassadors from heaven.” “Where, then,” asked Paine, “are your credentials? If, as you say, you are ‘sent from God,’ show us these credentials. By these and these only can we judge of the reality of your mission.” They point to the Bible, which they dignify by the name of the “Word of God;” and Paine, taking his stand at once on this pretended revelation of the divine will, enters without hesitation on the investigation.

The result of this inquiry is to be found in the “Age of Reason.” In that work we find the most incontrovertible reasons for rejecting the assertions of the priesthood, that it was written by the inspiration of God. Even the existence of Moses, who is said to have been the author of the first five books, is shown to be problematical; and that the account of the Jews—who are represent-

ed in these writings as having been a great nation, as having had a long genealogy of kings, a city built on the most improved style of architecture, and a temple in which to worship their god, far surpassing any thing belonging to Grecian or Roman mythology—could be nothing but fictions, as the Jews, as a nation, were never heard of till long after the Babylonish captivity, and were even then regarded as a horde of wild Arabs—as the “most barbarous of all the barbarians.” This, at once rendered the *authenticity* of these books more than questionable, and struck an effectual blow at the credentials of the priesthood.

But this is not all: Paine has shown, in the “Age of Reason,” that the person or persons who wrote the Bible were entirely ignorant of the most obvious principles of natural philosophy, which could not be the case if divine wisdom had any thing to do in the formation of these writings. Even of the being who is said to have inspired this book, the most ridiculous and disgusting narratives are shown to disgrace its pages. He is there represented as altogether made up of *human* qualities—having eyes to see*—hands and arms to deal vengeance on his foes†—ears to hear‡—a mouth to speak§—feet to walk,|| and a head covered with hair.¶ In one part of these books, he is represented as a savage bear.** In another as a voracious leopard.†† Sometimes he is made to appear in the character of a warrior.††† At other times like a drunkard in a state of beastly intoxication.†††† He is also represented (as Paine has shown) in the pages of this *inspired* volume, as a cruel, vindictive, revengeful, imbecile, changeable, and suspicious tyrant, who knew not how to conduct himself with propriety towards his subjects; who amused himself by laying snares to entrap them; and who imposed trials on them, and laid temptations before them, that he might have the pleasure of inflicting punishment for yielding to these trials and to these temptations. “Whenever (to use the emphatic words of Paine himself) we read the obscene stories, the voluptuous debaucheries, the cruel, torturous executions, and the unrelenting vindictiveness with which more than half the Bible is filled, it would be more consistent that it be called the word of a *demon*, than the word of God. It is a history of wickedness that has served to corrupt and brutalize mankind. Did this book excel in purity of ideas and expression all the books that are now extant in the world, I would not take it for my rule of faith as being the “word of God,” because the possibility would nevertheless exist of my being imposed upon. But when I see, throughout the greatest part of this book, scarcely any thing but a history of the grossest vices, and a collection of the most paltry and contemptible tales, I cannot dishonor my creator by calling it by his name.”

* Prov. xv. 3.

† Jer. xxi. 5.

‡ Psa. xxxiv. 15.

§ Isa. lv. 11.

¶ Ezek. xliii. 7.

|| Dan. vii. 9.

** Lam. iii. 10.

†† Hosea xiii. 7.

††† Exod. xv. 3.

†††† Psa. lxxviii. 65.

Such is the character given by Paine, after a careful examination, of writings which have so long been regarded sacred by the multitude, and on which the priesthood have established an empire more powerful, and more degrading to the human mind, than the most despotic empire of the East.

In discussing the merits of the New Testament books, Paine expresses himself in the same undaunted and candid manner. "I have now (he says) gone through the examination of the four books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; and when it is considered that the whole space of time from the crucifixion to what is called the ascension, is but a few days, and that all the circumstances are said to have happened nearly about the same spot, Jerusalem; it is, I believe, impossible to find in any story upon record so many and such glaring absurdities, contradictions, and falsehoods, as are in these books."

If the nature of this address did not preclude a labored criticism on Paine's writings, how easily could it be shown, by citations from these writings, that the whole fabric of Christianity was reared on a baseless foundation. We are told that the reputed founder of that system, whose existence is more than questionable, was the eternal and immutable God. Paine hesitated to acknowledge a position so startling. He could not entertain the idea that the God of Nature could appear on the earth in the form of man; that, as the New Testament represents, he should be born of a woman—the son of a carpenter—delivered in a stable—nursed in a manger—hang as an infant on the breast of his mother—driven about from place to place, having nowhere to lay his head—scourged—tried and condemned to death for disturbing the public tranquillity—expiring on a cross, and entombed in a sepulchre. No, no—Paine, as a rational man, did not believe, and no other rational man who will allow himself to reflect on the subject, could not for a moment believe that the God of Nature was subjected to such indignities. Common sense revolts at the belief of such absurd and ridiculous nonsense. Yet it was for exposing these absurdities—for daring to avow his disbelief of these idle tales—that Paine was accused of blasphemy; his memory, even to this day, held in abhorrence by the unreflecting, and almost every crime attributed to him of which man is supposed capable of being guilty.

It is no less true than it is deplorable, that the person who has the hardihood to break through the trammels of mental error—who has the courage to proclaim the falsehood of delusive and petrifying systems—who has the honesty, like the immortal Paine, to lay bare the glaring impositions of the priesthood—is exposed to all the rancorous and inhuman treatment that can be inflicted by a bewildered, maddened, and fanatical multitude. Such was the case on the appearance of the "Age of Reason." The efforts of the priests to counteract the influence of the truths which it proclaimed were so successful, that their stupid votaries became insane. They imagined that it would be pleasing to deity to exterminate every one

whose ideas did not correspond with their own blind and stupid fancies. They, therefore, regarded Paine as a monster, whose destruction would be the most acceptable service they could perform to secure the approbation of their idol.

It might have been expected, if the "Age of Reason" was that disgraceful production which the priesthood are in the practice of representing it, that of the seventy thousand of that order in Great Britain alone, some hundreds at least would have been found capable of refuting the bold assertions of its author, and which militated so powerfully against the stability of the system by which they were maintained in ease and affluence. One priest only (Bishop Watson) ventured to enter the lists with Paine; but as his sole object was *preferment*, it is easy to perceive from his writings that even the bishop, with all his learning, despaired of controverting the facts and lucid arguments of so powerful an antagonist. The rest of the testy herd of reverends, right reverends, and fathers in god, thought it the best policy to shrink from the contest, and to endeavor, in their pulpit harangues, to divert the attention of their credulous followers from the merits of the case, by insinuations prejudicial to the character of Paine, or by affixing a stigma on his opinions, which they knew would render them unpopular with an ignorant and superstitious multitude.

Unable to meet him in the fair field of argument, they resorted to *abuse*. Reason was too powerful for them, and therefore they decried Reason. The only means of defence to which they resorted was foul language. Paine was denounced an Atheist and a blasphemer, and his writings pronounced "highly displeasing to Almighty God," and subversive of the principles of morality.

When the enemies of Paine substitute *abuse* for argument, they do not seem to be aware that this is tantamount to an acknowledgment of the correctness of his principles, and of their own inability to combat his incontrovertible reasoning. When they call him an *Atheist*, they evince their total ignorance of what he has written; for it is impossible to peruse the "Age of Reason," without discovering that its author believed in the being of a God, and consoled himself with the hope of enjoying the reward of a virtuous life in a future state of existence.

As to the charge of *blasphemy*, the word has no meaning when applied to religion. It is a word, doubtless, that operates most powerfully on the generality of minds. But all that can be said of it is, a speaking evil of a system of *words*. To vilify or blaspheme the character of our neighbor, would be injurious, because it would bring him into discredit among his equals. But how can man, by any thing he says or writes, injure the character of deity, who is acknowledged to have *no* equal? If one man speaks evil of another man's religion, he does no more than question the truth or correctness of certain *opinions*; and if he convinces him that he is in error, he performs a moral act, for which he ought to be applauded. Paine has been charged with "unsettling the faith of thousands"

by his writings. But he could not have done this, if the faith which he unsettled had been well founded. So far, therefore, from being justly stigmatized for giving his opinions to the world on the subject of religion, those who defame him on that account not only do injustice to his character and motives, but virtually pass a censure on themselves whenever they advance opinions the correctness of which may be disputed by others.

No small portion of abuse has been heaped on the memory of Paine, on account of the alleged scurrility of his writings. "He should," say his enemies, "have had more respect than he has shown for the prejudices" of others. He should not have been so sarcastic. He should have shown more deference for "holy things" than to have "held them up to ridicule." Now if Paine had believed in the contents of the "Holy Bible," as it is called, he never would have attempted to impeach its character, or have pronounced it an imposition. If he had even entertained an idea that any one could prove it to be true, he would have been extremely cautious as to his mode of treating it. But when he found in that book a mere system of notions, without proofs or realities, he saw no reason for regarding it in a more favorable light than he would have done any other book which might have been the subject of free discussion. If he had not found things in themselves ridiculous pervading the greater part of the Bible, he would not have employed ridicule to render it contemptible. Indeed, unless there had been something ridiculous to work upon, all the wit and all the satire in the world would have been vainly directed against it. Criticism, even although severe, gives a lustre to truth; it belongs to error alone to dread its influence. If Paine had *flattered*, instead of ridiculed the prejudices of others, it might, perhaps, have been better for him. He might have escaped the many persecutions which he suffered while alive, and those who admire his character and principles would not now have found it necessary to rebut the numerous falsehoods which have been circulated respecting him by a fanatical and relentless foe. But did Paine flatter the *political* prejudices of the enemies of liberty in his "Rights of Man?" No. Why then should he have flattered their *religious* prejudices in his "Age of Reason?" Was it more his duty as a philanthropist to flatter than to remove these prejudices? And if the mass of mankind were so wedded to antiquated systems, founded on a volume of ridiculous and puerile narratives diametrically opposed to each other, and subversive of all good sense and sound morality, they could expect nothing else than to have their favorite dogmas exhibited in their true colors.

The doctrine, that "it is best to chime in with public prejudices—that this is the safest course to follow—the most generally respected—that it would be dangerous to alter it, and, therefore, it ought not to be abused," received no countenance from Paine. It is a doctrine which he was well aware might suit the taste of tyrants and slavish formalists, but it could never meet the approbation of impartial reason, nor accord with the interests of society. If a

principle like this were to be sanctioned, there would be an end to all improvement. Every invention or discovery for the benefit of mankind would be discouraged; and the intellectual faculty, the most glorious ornament with which Nature has endowed man, would be of little use, if priests and despots were to accomplish their desire in thus attempting to cramp its exertions.

It has been offered as an apology for the style of writing adopted by Paine, that he was illiterate, knowing only his own language, and possessing but a smattering of French. This apology I consider altogether inadmissible. The sole object of Paine was to convey instruction to the mind. He was a child of Nature, and his language Nature's Eloquence. He considered knowledge as "consisting no longer in a given quantity of *words*, but in making words the *real* signs of the real qualities of real bodies, and in using no one word that was not a sign of a *real* body, or its quality." He disdained, therefore, all artificial embellishments—all those tropes and figures so much resorted to by what are called "fine writers," but which, so far from conveying any useful knowledge, seldom fail to darken the understanding. It is ridiculous to suppose that a knowledge of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and the other oriental languages which are thought necessary to "form the scholar and accomplished gentleman," ever made a wise man. To the statesman who has to conduct the foreign relations of a government, and to the traveller, this course of study might be useful and even desirable. But I have almost uniformly found the man whose head is filled "with classic lore," very deficient in the true meaning and application of his native language, and, in general, very ignorant of the principles of philosophy. "True glory (says Pliny) consists in having done something worth the writing—having written something worth the reading, and having made the world better and happier for having lived in it."

This was the only glory which Paine was ambitious of attaining; and however much his enemies may exert themselves to rob him of his well earned fame, his writings will remain an imperishable monument of his talents and virtues so long as the race of man endures.

Had Paine's writings been of that "immoral" tendency which has been alleged, his enemies would, long ere this, have pointed out the passages which they pretend warrant this charge. But they have not done so, and that for the best of all reasons—his works contain nothing of an immoral character. On the contrary, the whole of his writings, hitherto published, inculcate the most correct and benevolent principles. Even his political writings, besides conveying important instruction, are full of moral sentences, which may be read with pleasure by every votary of truth and justice. It is only such as have never perused his works, and who form an opinion of them merely from the denunciations of the priesthood, who declaim against them. I appeal to those who have read them with attention, particularly the "Age of Reason," if the principles there

inculcated are not every way calculated to improve the condition of man. No one can say that any thing is to be found in the pages of the latter work unfit for the perusal of females or of children. There you have no obscene tales to pollute the ears, or raise a blush on the cheek of innocence. Can this be said of the Bible, so much vaunted of for its moral precepts, and which is alleged to have been inspired by a God of purity?

It was the great object of Paine to teach only what was useful. Benevolence breathes through the whole of his writings, and the importance and utility of those virtues, the practice of which he so forcibly recommended, he strikingly illustrated by the actions of his life. I have already alluded to his humane efforts in endeavoring to save the life of the king of France. However much he detested royalty, "his benevolent heart (as has been justly remarked) could feel for, and plead the cause of suffering humanity even in the person of a king. Cruelty and revenge were passions too base and ignoble to reside in his expansive bosom. He delighted in seeing all men happy; and he considered no sacrifice too great which tended to promote the general good."

But this is not the only instance recorded of the humanity and generous feelings displayed by Paine at the period alluded to. While a member of the National Assembly of France, he received a blow from an intemperate Englishman; an offence punishable at that time with death, under a law passed for the special protection of the persons of the Deputies. But instead of giving up the violator of this law to be punished, Paine assisted him to escape from Paris, and actually gave him money to convey him to England, which the fugitive reached in safety.

All who have had the pleasure of being intimately acquainted with Paine confirm, by their united testimony, the truth which these facts so clearly establish, that he was a man of the most benevolent feelings, and that his whole energies were devoted to the amelioration of the condition of the human race. If time would permit, many of these testimonies might now be cited. But as this is not the case, I shall merely occupy your attention with a short extract of a letter from the much and deservedly lamented Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who fell a victim to British tyranny.* He was at Paris in 1792, and in writing to his mother, he says, "I lodge with my friend Paine. We breakfast, dine, and sup together. The more I see of his interior, the more I like and respect him. I cannot express how kind he is to me—there is a simplicity of manner, a goodness of heart, and a strength of mind in him, that I never knew any man before possess."

Who is there among the pious calumniators of this great man that would not be proud to merit so high an encomium? Who among them that would not prize above all things the amiable disposition which could spontaneously elicit from a person of such superior

* Vide Appendix No. 2.

rank an eulogy so well deserved by the object for which it was intended? Yet have these wholesale slanderers never ceased since the amiable Paine was consigned to the silent tomb, to fabricate, and put in circulation, the most barefaced and malignant falsehoods respecting him; and even after these falsehoods have been again and again refuted, they persist in reiterating them in their *pious* journals, the contents of which they well know are implicitly credited by their deluded followers, and who can never be undeceived through the same channels—because it ever has been the policy of the conductors of these vehicles of slander, to exclude every thing from their pages which has a tendency to do justice to the reputation of Paine.* Instances could even be mentioned where the editors of papers, professing to advocate liberal principles, have studiously avoided mentioning even the *name* of Paine; while they have extolled that of Washington, of Jefferson, and of Franklin, as the prominent leaders in that revolution, which their great co-patriot had done so much by his pen to consolidate. Far be it from me to withhold one atom of praise from the individuals whose names I have just mentioned. They will ever be honored for the services they performed by a grateful and admiring country. But if the exertions of Paine, at that eventful period which “tried men’s souls,” are fairly appreciated, I am persuaded it will be acknowledged that although there may have been minds in activity as great as his, yet none of them were so “*wisely great*.” In *moral courage*, he unquestionably surpassed all his contemporaries; for who among them would have had the daring, like him, to unveil the frauds and deceptions practised by the ministers of a mysterious theology? who assail, as did Paine, this “bulwark of religion, founded on the rock of ages,” and which claimed to be under the immediate protection of a terrible and an avenging deity? Even Franklin, after having nearly disarmed the thunder of its terrors, shrank with dismay at the apprehension of being assailed by the malignant shafts of superstition, on account of the doubts he entertained as to the divinity of Jesus. Although it is scarcely to be questioned that Washington was a liberal, it is in vain to deny the fact, that he cautiously concealed his principles, and, in some respects, acted a double part, lest he should render himself obnoxious to the priesthood. If Jefferson had published his sentiments on theology, as Paine did, is it not probable he would have been excluded from the presidential chair, and denounced as a detestable infidel, instead of a good patriot?

After what has been said, can it for a moment be doubted, that the treatment which Paine has met with, and the odium which has been attached to his name, has been occasioned solely by the influence of the priesthood? In Great Britain, such was the animosity which these men entertained towards him, that if he had not been beyond the reach of their jurisdiction, they never would have been

* Vide Appendix No. 3.

satisfied until they had glutted their demonical feelings with the blood of their victim. Although the soil of the United States has, in a great measure, escaped the pollution consequent on the sanguinary inflictions of these spiritual tyrants, there have been periods, even in this free country, when the *persons* of our citizens were not always safe from the effects of a blind and furious fanaticism—when men, pretending to be influenced by maxims of kindness and peace, evinced themselves to be inexorable persecutors.*

It cannot but be gratifying to every liberal mind, that the principles advocated by Paine, and which have had so powerful an influence in softening people's minds, and in staying the iron hand of persecution, are every day making fresh inroads on the strong holds of ignorance and superstition. Notwithstanding all the efforts of the priesthood, who, it must be acknowledged, are untiring in their endeavors to plunge the human mind into a state of darkness—the light which the writings of Paine has shed over a bewildered world, affords a rational and well founded expectation, that tyranny, whatever shape it may assume, is doomed to be swept from the face of the earth.

To adopt the emphatic language of Ensor,—“*Philosophy*, that much injured name, to which all that is kind, comprehensive, and wise, is to be attributed—which assuages the passions of the soul like oil poured on the stormy ocean; *philosophy*, the medicine of the unfortunate, the glory and ornament of the happy—that pure principle which performs good, not from fear of punishment, nor hopes of reward, but from spontaneous love; *philosophy*, which pronounces the labors of the husbandman safe amidst the shock of contending armies, and causes inveterate foes sacredly to respect the ships and missionaries of science; *philosophy*, which, overleaping the boundaries of nations, surveys all mankind as one common family—which has done so much, and still pursues intrepidly its illustrious enterprize—error and interest, and malice and ambition may impede, but shall never stay its course. The opposing wind frets the surface of the coming tide; but, if moved from its foundations by a more powerful influence, it rolls securely forward to the shores of its destination.”†

* Vide Appendix No. 4.

† Ensor's Principles of Morality.

APPENDIX.

NO. I.

All the misrepresentations—all the falsehoods that have been, and are at this moment in circulation respecting the *causes* of the anarchy and bloodshed that prevailed during the French revolution, are to be traced to Edmund Burke—an apostate from liberty—the hired tool of an unprincipled government, whose only hopes of success depended on corruption and bribery. Of this man—this advocate of religion—this vilifier of the French revolution—history records the following facts:—

During our revolutionary war, he was introduced into the British parliament under the auspices of the whig party; the then leader of which, Earl Fitzwilliam, not only patronized, but supplied Burke with the means of subsistence. At first, he violently opposed the government; applauded the resistance offered by this country to the tyranny of England; and openly exulted in our success.

When Thomas Paine left America for England, he no sooner landed there, than Burke solicited his acquaintance, and became his intimate friend. Sir Richard Phillips, well known as the editor of the London Monthly Magazine, is in possession of a letter of Burke's, in which he expressed the highest gratification at having, the day previous, been "introduced to, and sat down to dinner with the celebrated Thomas Paine, the author of Common Sense."

In the writings of Mr. Paine it is stated, and never has been denied, that his intimacy with Burke continued as long as he remained in England. When the French revolution broke out, Burke espoused the republican cause with the same ardor that he had advocated the rights of this country; and when Mr. Paine visited Paris, to assist in the councils of the revolutionists, he was solicited by this same Burke to furnish him with authentic and early intelligence of what was passing, or about to pass, in France—assigning as a reason for this solicitation, his attachment to the cause of liberty, and his determination, as a public man, to become the apologist of the revolutionists, even in the British parliament. Mr. Paine, relying on the sincerity of his professions, furnished Burke for several months with the information he required. Nor did the former even doubt the fidelity of the latter, until Burke commenced writing *against* France, and was actually in the pay of Pitt, the British Prime Minister.

Such, in a few words, is the character of Edmund Burke, on whose statements the priesthood rely, when they ascribe the disgraceful occurrences of the French revolution to the influence of liberal principles.

NO. II.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a man peculiarly dear to Irishmen, was the fifth son of the Duke of Leinster, and the idol of his family. He was born in 1763, and at the age of 17 he entered the army. After serving as a Lieutenant in the British army under Lord Rawdon, in the beginning of our revolution, and for some time in the West Indies, in the staff of General O'Hara, Lord Edward returned to Ireland, where he was chosen a member of the parliament of that country. He afterwards made the tour of Spain, and with his regiment proceeded to Nova Scotia, where he had for some time the chief command. On his return to England, he was offered the command of an expedition to Cadiz; but he declined on hearing that it was expected he should no longer vote with the opposition in parliament.

Attracted by the great political drama then acting in France, he proceeded to Paris in 1792; from whence he returned to his native land, completely imbued with republicanism. He was one of the very small majority that Irish patriotism at that time afforded; and having, in voting *against* a congratulatory address to the Lord Lieutenant, expressed himself with great warmth, he incurred the displeasure of the government; but this, so far from discouraging, led him, as a sense of duty, into the ranks of the United Irishmen, of which he became the military head.

In this character he went to France, where he arranged the invasion of Ireland with General Hoche. On the failure of that expedition, treason crept into the ranks of the United Irishmen, which led to the apprehension of some of the leaders; Lord Edward only escaping at that time from having concealed himself in the houses of his friends. He was traced at last, and when found was reclining in his bed. He started up, and inflicted a fatal wound with a pistol on one of his assailants, and another he wounded with a dagger. He was then shot, and secured. But his death in prison, from the wounds he had received, disappointed the wishes of his enemies, who expected to see him expire on the scaffold, as a murderer or a traitor. His wife and friends were refused admittance to him in prison, although his brother was allowed that indulgence when this great patriot was on the eve of expiring.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the intimate friend of Paine, died as he had lived—the same kind and affectionate being. His death was lamented long and deeply by his relations, and his memory will ever be revered by the friends of freedom in every country.

NO. III.

Of all the calumnies promulgated against Mr. Paine, that of his having been a "confirmed drunkard," is still most tenaciously adhered to, although the fact of his having, when upwards of 70

years of age, written, "The third part of the Age of Reason;" his "Examination of the Prophecies;" and, almost every week, contributed largely to newspapers and other periodicals, is sufficient to convince any unprejudiced mind of the utter falsehood of the accusation. But as there are some men who are either too malignant ever to do justice to a man whom they have once abused, or too stupid not to perceive that a person who "sotted," must be incapable of conveying by his pen correct ideas to others, we publish the following documents for their special information. If, however, they still feel a gratification in persuading themselves, in despite of these documents, that Mr. Paine was other than he is there represented, it is to be hoped they will have the prudence in future to refrain from obtruding their obnoxious and gratuitous assertions on the notice of the public.

The first document to which we refer, is a letter of James Cheetham, the author of the infamous string of libels, published by him as "the Life of Thomas Paine;" which Cheetham addressed to Joel Barlow, at one time Ambassador from this country to France:—

"TO JOEL BARLOW.

"SIR—Not having the honor of a personal acquaintance with you, the trouble this note will occasion, will require some apology, and the only one I can offer regards the subject of it, and the readiness with which your character persuades me you will furnish me the information required, as soon as you have leisure to do so.

"I am preparing to write the life of Thomas Paine, author of Common Sense, &c. As you were acquainted with him in Paris, and he mentioned you in his 'Age of Reason,' your opinion of his manners and habits, the company he kept, &c. would be very acceptable.

"He was a great drunkard here, and Mr. M******, a merchant of this city, who lived with him when he was arrested by order of Robespierre, tells me he was intoxicated when that event happened.

"Did Paine ever take an oath of allegiance to France? In his letter to the French people in 1792, he thanks them for electing him a member of the convention, and for the additional honor of making him a French citizen. In his speech on the trial of the king, he speaks, he says, as a citizen of France. There is some difference between being a member of a convention to make a constitution, and a member of the same body to try the king, and transact other business. I should imagine that in the latter capacities, an oath of allegiance would be necessary.

"Any other information you would be pleased to communicate, which in your judgment would be useful in illustrating his character, will be gratefully received, and used as you may direct.

"I am, &c. JAMES CHEETHAM.

"New York, July 21, 1809."

The following is the answer:—

“ TO JAMES CHEETHAM.

“ SIR—I have received your letter, calling for information relative to the life of Thomas Paine. It appears to me, that this is not the moment to publish the life of that man in this country. His own writings are his best life, and these are not read at present.

“ The greatest part of the readers in the United States will not be persuaded, as long as their present feelings last, to consider him in any other light than as a drunkard and a deist. The writer of his life who should dwell on these topics, to the exclusion of the great and estimable traits of his real character, might indeed please the rabble of the age, who do not know him; the book might sell; but it would only tend to render the truth more obscure for the future biographer, than it was before.

“ But if the present writer should give us Thomas Paine *complete*, in all his character, as one of the most benevolent and disinterested of mankind, endowed with the clearest perception, an uncommon share of original genius, and the greatest breadth of thought; if this piece of biography should analyze his literary labors, and rank him, as he ought to be ranked, among the brightest and most undeviating luminaries of the age in which he has lived—yet with a mind assailable by flattery, and receiving through that weak side a tincture of vanity which he was too proud to conceal; with a mind, though strong enough to bear him up, and to rise elastic under the heaviest hand of oppression, yet unable to endure the contempt of his former friends and fellow laborers, the rulers of the country that had received his first and greatest services—a mind incapable of looking down with serene compassion, as it ought, on the rude scoffs of their imitators, a new generation that knows him not; a mind that shrinks from their society, and unhappily seeks refuge in low company, or looks for consolation in the sordid, solitary bottle; till it sinks at last so far below its native elevation, as to lose all respect for itself, and to forfeit that of his best friends, disposing these friends almost to join with his enemies, and wish, though from different motives, that he would hasten to hide himself in the grave—if you are disposed and prepared to write his life *entire*, to fill up the picture to which these hasty strokes of outline give but a rude sketch with great vacuities, your book may be a useful one for another age, but it will not be relished, nor scarcely tolerated in this.

“ The biographer of Thomas Paine should not forget his mathematical acquirements, and his mechanical genius. His invention of *the iron bridge*, which led him to Europe in the year 1787, has procured him a great reputation in that branch of science in France and England, in both which countries his bridge has been adopted in many instances, and is now much in use.

“ You ask whether he took an oath of allegiance to France. Doubtless the qualification to be a member of the convention, required an oath of fidelity to that country, but involved in it no

abjuration of his fidelity to this. He was made a French Citizen by the same decree with *Washington, Hamilton, Priestly, and sir James Mackintosh.*

"What Mr. M***** has told you relative to the circumstances of his arrestation by order of Robespierre, is erroneous, at least in one point. Paine did not lodge at the house where he was arrested, but had been dining there with some Americans, of whom Mr. M***** may have been one. I never heard before that Paine was intoxicated that night. Indeed, the officers brought him directly to my house, which was two miles from his lodgings, and about as much from the place where he had been dining. He was not intoxicated when they came to me. Their object was to get me to go and assist them to examine Paine's papers. It employed us the rest of that night, and the whole of the next day, at Paine's lodgings; and he was not committed to prison till the next evening.

"You ask what company he kept—he always frequented the best, both in England and France, till he became the object of calumny in certain American papers, (echoes of the English court papers) for his adherence to what he thought the cause of liberty in France—till he conceived himself neglected and despised by his former friends in the United States. From that moment he gave himself very much to drink, and consequently to companions less worthy of his better days.*

"It is said he was always a peevish inmate—this is possible. So was *Laurence Sterne*, so was *Torquato Tasso*, so was *J. J. Rousseau*—but Thomas Paine, as a visiting acquaintance, and as a literary friend, the only points of view in which I knew him, was one of the most instructive men I have ever known. He had a surprising memory and brilliant fancy; his mind was a storehouse of facts and useful observations; he was full of lively anecdote, and ingenious original pertinent remark, upon almost every subject.

"He was always charitable to the poor beyond his means, a sure protector and friend to all Americans in distress that he found in foreign countries; and he had frequent occasions to exert his influence in protecting them during the revolution in France. His writings will answer for his patriotism, and his entire devotion to what he conceived to be the best interests and happiness of mankind.

"This, sir, is all I have to remark on the subject you mention—now I have only one request to make, and that would doubtless seem impertinent, were you not the editor of a newspaper; it is, that you will not publish my letter, nor permit a copy of it to be taken.† I am, sir, &c. JOEL BARLOW.

"*Kalorama, August 11, 1809.*"

* It is probable that even Mr. Barlow had been led, by the slanders of Paine's enemies, to believe him more addicted to drinking than he really was; for the expression "gave himself very much to drink" is not reconcilable with the indisputable testimony which follows.

† The correspondence between Cheetham and Joel Barlow first appeared in the "Theophilanthropist," a periodical published in New York in 1812; but the editor does not say how he obtained possession of either of the letters.

The other document to which we have alluded, is extracted from the *Correspondent*, Vol. I. p. 60. It was printed from the *original MS.*, in the hand writing of Mr. Morton.

“A short narrative of the later period of the life of THOMAS PAINE, written by Walter Morton, Esq. of New York, one of his executors.

“On Mr. Paine’s return to New York, in 1802, a public dinner was given him at the City Hotel. I being one of the committee of arrangements, who prepared toasts for the occasion, it led me to an acquaintance with that justly celebrated man, which continued without intermission to the day of his death. I visited Mr. Paine several times at his farm at New Rochelle, twenty-one miles from New York, where he resided in part of 1804 and 1805; after he returned to reside in the city, I was in the constant habit of spending two or three evenings with him every week; these visits were generally from seven to eight o’clock in the evening, and I usually remained with him till about ten, at which hour he went to bed. We generally drank two small tumblers of rum and water, each containing less than half a gill of rum, reduced to what is commonly called glass proof. We rarely exceeded this; and sometimes for weeks, and even months, almost in succession, I saw him in bed before my departure, and put out his candle. While in health, he generally rose about seven o’clock in the morning; he always took a nap for about two hours after dinner. And while at the farm, I ascertained from those who lived in the house, as well as the store keeper who supplied the liquor, that the weekly allowance was limited to a quart, whatever visitors might be called to partake.

“In the 73d year of his age, and but a few months before his death,* his mental faculties continued strong, firm and vigorous, and his memory so retentive as to repeat verbatim whole sentences either in prose or verse, of any thing which had previously struck his mind: this he always did with great ease and grace. About six months before his death, his limbs became so feeble that he could scarcely move through the room: he told me, when alone, that he felt the decay of nature fast increasing, that he might possibly live six or even twelve months, but it could not exceed much beyond that time; and feared nothing but being reduced to a bedridden state, so as to lie incapable of helping himself.

“In his religious opinions he continued to the last as steadfast and tenacious as any sectarian to the definition of his own creed. He never indeed broached the subject first; but to intrusive and inquisitive visitors who came to try him on that point, his general answer was to this effect:—‘My opinions are before the world, and all have had an opportunity to refute them if they can; I believe them unanswerable truths, and that I have done great service to mankind by boldly putting them forth; I do not wish to argue upon the subject; I have labored disinterestedly in the cause of truth.’ I shook his hand after the use of speech was gone, but while the other organs told me

* Mr. Paine died in New York on the 8th of June, 1809.

sufficiently that he knew me and appreciated my affection, his eyes glistened with genius under the pangs of death."

TESTIMONY OF MR. BURGER.

I, David I. Burger, of the city of New York, being fully satisfied of the nefarious attempts to injure the cause and spread of free enquiry, by the base practice of vilifying and traducing the characters of its leaders: and being particularly aware of the gross slanders everywhere propagated in relation to the moral character of Thomas Paine, author of the "Age of Reason," hereby certify—

That I became personally acquainted with said Paine in the year 1803, who was then residing at New Rochelle, about 20 miles from New York;—that I was then in the employ of Capt. Daniel Pelton, one of Paine's particular friends, so that I had frequent opportunities of witnessing his conduct while there;—that I resided for a number of weeks in the same house with him, and that I slept in the same room with him while he resided at Mr. Staple's, another friend of his in that place;—that I was in the habit of seeing him at all times in the day, and never saw him inebriated;—that during this time I served him with all the liquor that he and those who visited him used, and as it was all charged to him in the books of Capt. Pelton by me, according to the best of my recollection, I am confident it could not have exceeded *one quart* per week.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, this sixth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one.

Signed in the presence of }
GARDNER JONES. }

DAVID I. BURGER.

—
NO IV.

The following passage formed part of the "Oration," as originally written:—"Thanks to the framers of the general constitution;—but, in a more especial manner, thanks to the influence of the writings of Paine—sufficient protection is now guaranteed to all, not only in the enjoyment, but in the open expression of opinions, whether they relate to religion or politics. It is in virtue of that guarantee that we now assemble in this place, to utter and to hear sentiments delivered, which if attempted to be uttered little more than half a century ago, would have consigned the daring individual to a dungeon, or, probably, to the gallows."

An opinion having been expressed by some of the Committee of Arrangements, that the general constitution did *not* afford the "guarantee" above stated, the passage was omitted in the delivery; and is only here quoted that something further may be elicited on this all important subject.

In the "Declaration of Rights," which led to the framing of the general constitution, (Art. 12,) it is stated, that "the *people* have a right to freedom of speech, and of writing and publishing their sentiments; therefore the freedom of the press ought not to be restrained."

In the "Amendments to the General Constitution," (Art. 1,) it

is enacted, that " Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

The writer of this is of opinion that those two articles are sufficient to support the *affirmative* of the question. And he is confirmed in this opinion, when he finds that Jefferson, who drew up the " Declaration of Rights," entertained the same enlarged view of the subject. " The legitimate powers of government," says Jefferson, " reach *actions* only, and not *opinions*. I contemplate with sovereign reverence the *act of the whole American people*, which declared that their legislature should 'make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof:' thus building a wall of *separation* between church and state."

But I am further borne out in the opinion for which I am contending, by the *unanimous concurrence* which the Senate of the United States gave to the invaluable " Report" of Colonel Johnson on the transportation of the Mail on Sunday, and which has been correctly designated a clear exposition of, or commentary on, the " Declaration of Rights," in as far as regards the rights of conscience. In that " Report" it is stated—" Our government is a *civil*, and not a *religious* institution. Our constitution recognises in *every person* the right to choose his own religion, and to enjoy it *freely, without molestation*. Among all the religious persecutions with which almost every page of modern history is stained, no victim ever suffered but for the violation of what *government* denominated the laws of God. To prevent a similar train of evils in this country, the *constitution* has wisely withheld from our government the power of defining the divine law. It is a right reserved to each citizen; and while he respects the equal rights of others, *he cannot be held answerable to any tribunal for his conclusions*."

The House of Representatives also adopted a " Report" containing a similar declaration as to the rights of conscience: and both these Reports have been approved of by upwards of nine tenths of the population of the United States.

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF THOMAS PAINE, IN RELATION
TO MRS. BONNEVILLE.

" I give and bequeath to my executors hereinafter appointed, Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, thirty shares I hold in the New York Phenix Insurance Company, which cost me fourteen hundred and seventy dollars; they are worth now upwards of fifteen hundred dollars; and all my moveable effects, and also the money that may be in my trunk or elsewhere at the time of my decease, paying thereout the expenses of my funeral, IN TRUST, as to the said shares, moveables, and money, for Margaret Brazier Bonneville, of Paris, for her own sole and separate use, at her own disposal, notwithstanding her *coverture*."

(Signed)

THOMAS PAINE.

BIRTHDAY OF THOMAS PAINE.

An Account of the Celebration of the 95th Anniversary of the Birthday of Thomas Paine, by the friends and admirers of his writings.

[From the New York Daily Sentinel, of February 2.]

On Sunday last, Dec. 29th, the Anniversary of the birthday of the AUTHOR of the "RIGHTS OF MAN," and the "AGE OF REASON," an ADDRESS in commemoration of the event was delivered to a crowded audience in Tammany Hall, by John Morrison, and on Monday the event was celebrated by a Public Dinner and by a Ball at the same place. This was the Eighth Public Celebration of Paine's Birthday in New York, and the company present was much more numerous than on any former occasion. More than one hundred gentlemen sat down to the Dinner, and about four hundred ladies and gentlemen were present at the Ball, which was under the direction of Mr. Parker. At the Dinner, Mr. MORRISON presided, and Messrs. DITCHETT and OFFEN acted as Vice Presidents.

After the removal of the cloth, the first of the regular toasts, which follow, was preceded by some appropriate remarks by the President.

TOASTS OF THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

1. THOMAS PAINE—We meet to respect his memory and extend his principles. [Air (by the band)—German Hymn. Original Song—Hail, hail the day.]

SONG—HAIL, HAIL, THE DAY. AIR—*Hail to the Chief.*

WRITTEN FOR THE 95TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTHDAY OF THOMAS PAINE.

How blest are the moments that o'er us are fleeting!

We hail them with rapture again and again:

For oh, while they fly, they are sweetly repeating
The era so bright that give birth to a Paine.

Then was the mortal dart

Formed for the tyrant's heart,

All his vile art cannot turn it away.

Shout, then, ye brave and free,

Sounds breathing liberty—

Shout, then, ye brave and free, Hail, hail the Day.

Long has deception declared from her altar

'That Deity frowns on the slave who'd repine,

And fain would she yet give the stake or the halter

To all who dare doubt that a King is divine.

But all these arts are vain,

Man scorns the fiendish train,

Truth, Reason, and Justice alone he'll obey.

Oh, 'twas immortal Paine,

Taught man to break the chain—

Shout, then, ye brave and free, Hail, hail the Day.

When dark superstition, no longer oppressing,

Shall sink in the frown of all mankind's disdain,

Then all the wrongs he has done him confessing,

Man shall for ever be grateful to Paine.

Then shall plain "Common Sense"

Meet with due reverence,

The rights of all mankind o'er earth hold the sway;

And as this day comes round,

O how each heart shall bound—

O how each voice shall sound, Hail, hail the Day.

2. *Common Sense*—Its characteristics are Truth, Justice, Fidelity, and Humanity. [Air—Kinloch of Kinloch.]

3. *The Crisis*—The time which tried men's souls. [Air—Yankee Doodle. Song—The Presbyterian Cat—by Mr. Lawton.]

4. *The Rights of Man*—In pursuit of these, may we be as steady as Time and relentless as the Grave. [Air—Marseilles Hymn. Song—God save the Rights of Man—by Mr. Morrison.]

5. *The Age of Reason*—May its principles, like another sun, penetrate the dark clouds of Superstition, and illuminate the habitable globe. [Air—Tyrolean Song of Liberty. Song—Will you hear Reason's voice?—by Mr. Burton.]

REASON'S VOICE. AIR—*Will you come to the bower.*

Will you hear Reason's voice, simple, cogent, and true?

'Tis mankind's dearest interest we here bring to view:

Will you, will you, will you, will you hear Reason's voice?

Will you, will you, will you, will you hear Reason's voice?

Education in errors, with coercive powers,
Has for cent'ries embitter'd man's juvenile hours.

Will you, will you, &c.

Like the tyrants who form'd them, each system pursu'd,
Is on selfishness founded, with terrors imbued!

Will you, will you, &c.

Would you rear a Republic in essence and truth,
Train each citizen equal from earliest youth.

Will you, will you, &c.

Yet let Woman share equally wisdom's bright zone,
She of Man's mental fame lays the foundation stone.

Will you, will you, &c.

But while "High Schools" and Colleges gleam on the sight,
Aristocracy insults each Freeman's just right!

Will you, will you, &c.

6. *The Press*—The brightest of all luminaries, it nurtures and animates our intellectual faculties. [March. Recitation—The Feds—by Mr. Walter Morton.]

THE FEDS.—(*By Thomas Paine.*)

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

I send you, Sir, a tale about some Feds,
Who, in their wisdom, went to loggerheads;
The case was this—they felt so flat and sunk,
They took a glass together, and got drunk:—
Such things, you know, are neither new nor rare,
For men will hang themselves when in despair.

It was the natal day of Washington,
And that they thought a famous day for fun—
For with the learned world 'tis 'greed
The better day, the better deed.

They top'd away, and as the glass went round,
They grew in point of wisdom more profound;
For at the bottom of the bottle lies

That kind of sense we overlook when wise.

Come, here's a toast, cries one, with roar immense,
"May none know pleasure who love 'Common Sense.'"
Bravo! cried some;—No, no, some others cried;
But left it to the waiter to decide.

I think, said he, the case would be more plain,
To leave out "Common Sense," and put in "Paine."
On this, a noise arose among

The sunken, drunken, brawling throng;
Some said that *Common Sense* was all a curse,
That making people wiser made them worse;
It learnt them to be careful of their purse,
And not be laid about like babes at nurse,

Nor yet believe in stories upon trust,
Which all mankind, to be well governed, must ;
And that the toast was better at the first,
And he that did not think so, might be curst !
So on they went, till such a fray arose,
As all who know what *Feds* are may suppose.

7. *Truth*—It requires not the garnish of poetry, nor the tinselled trappings of eloquence, to convince mankind that it is the only safe guide to happiness. [Air—*Sweet home*. Song—*There's nothing like Truth*—by Mr. Morrison.]

8. *Science*—The partizan of no country—the beneficent patron of all. [March.]

9. *Civil and Religious Liberty*—Vast as the universe—free as the air—and generous as the light. [Air—*Bruce's Address*. Song—*Tyrolean Song of Liberty*—by Mr. Burton.]

10. *Philosophy*—The powerful lever by which man has raised himself above the level of the brute, and dignified his character by increasing his powers of usefulness. [Air—*Speed the Plough*.]

11. *Education*—May it be as universal as it is beneficial to man. [Air—*Bonny Boat*. Song—*Education forms the Man*—by Mr. Burton.]

EDUCATION FORMS THE MAN. AIR—*Auld Lang Syne*.

Since none his destiny can rule,
From infancy to man ;
'Tis ours to search for wisdom's school,
His infant powers to scan.

Chorus—We're all born equal, friends—
We're all born free ;
'Tis Education forms the man,
Whate'er he be !

Should vice and poverty surround
The child, with noisome strife ;
Deprav'd and poor he still is found,
In mind and mien through life.

We're all born equal, &c.

If wealth and power be his lot,
And menials round him wait ;
The infant lord is ne'er forgot,
Whate'er his man's estate !

We're all born equal, &c.

Had Judges been like *Convicts* rear'd,
And *Criminals* like *Court* ;
Exchange of place had then appear'd
For *Jurymen's* report !

We're all born equal, &c.
Since woman's nurture rears the child,
How truly great should be
Her reas'ning powers—how firm, yet mild,
To raise the mental tree !

We're all born equal, &c.
Since, then, we're equal born, 'tis clear,
Still equal to remain,

Monopoly of Wisdom ne'er
Should our Republic stain !
We're all born equal, friends,
We're all born free !
Then *Equal Education* claim,
Whoe'er you be !

12. *Nature's Code*—The standard of truth. [Air—*Ye Bank and Braes*.]

13. *Superstition*—May the edifices erected to perpetuate this source of delusion, bigotry, falsehood, and oppression, speedily become the temples of science, reason, and philosophy. [Air—*Away with Melancholy*. Recitation—by Mr. Burton.]

STEPHEN GIRARD'S WILL.

Rejoice, ye lovers of the human race ;
And all true liberals, eager in the chase
For man's reform ; rejoice, our cause improves,
The march of mind accelerated moves !

GIRARD's good WILL for Liberal Education

"Has (it is said) electrified the nation."

The Clergy feel it too, with trembling frown,—
The shock is strong enough to knock them down !

Shall Free Enquirers not their paens raise,
And sing, with joy, the good old Frenchman's praise ?
'Tis "peace on earth ; Good WILL to all mankind,"

As we, and hosts of Orphan Boys shall find !

Hail ! Knowledge, hail ! my very heart rebounds
With joy extatic, at the glorious sounds.
Two millions will'd, a College to erect
For *Wisdom* ; free from priestly creed or sect !
With gifts most amply to endow the same,
A firm momento of his deathless name.

The first of Colleges, whose wholesome rules
 Forbid to rear dogmatic slaves and fools !
 For what are men but mental *slaves* in deed,
 From infancy *coerc'd* in faith or creed ?
 True liberty of conscience *there* shall reign,
 Though sought, in ev'ry school, elsewhere, in vain ;
 And "facts and things, instead of words and signs,"
 Shall form the mind, as reas'ning truth inclines.

If, *after* such an education gain'd,
 Wild speculations prove a youth hair-brain'd,
 And he for visionary worlds should mope,
 His conscience, *then*, may have the freest scope ;
 But, take my word, youth trained in solid facts
 Till o'er sixteen, play few priest-ridden acts !

Yet one reflection, still, my joy abates,
 O, where shall youth so train'd find *equal mates* ?
 Had good GIRARD bid *Female Orphans* share
 The kind protection of his gen'rous care,
 How many Fair had shunn'd each deadly shaft
 Of foul *seduction*, or of *priestly craft* !

"The mother forms the citizen, in youth,"
 Said Doctor Mitchell, once ; and was't not truth ?
 And if our wives are slaves, 'tis clear to see,
 We scarce can hope to rear our children free.

Yet, O, 'tis joyful ! such example bright,
 Securely stands, a beacon, spreading light
 O'er all the land, from whence, ere long shall spread
 The fall of creeds, and superstitions dread !
 Methinks I see each clerical Pàul Pry
 Sneaking and peeping, with a jealous eye ;
 While rear'd the walls of this majestic pile,
 For ever clos'd to priestly plot and wile !
 Ay ! even "as visitors," so runs the exclusion,
 To guard its happy inmates from delusion !

14. *The Union*—Consecrated by the blood of our fathers, and endeared to us by innumerable blessings. [Air—Hail Columbia. Song—Star Spangled Banner.]

15. *The memory of all men*, in every age and country, who have fearlessly advocated the principles of political and mental liberty. [Air—Auld Lang Syne. Recitation—Death of Gen Wolfe—by Mr. Morton.]

16. *Ecclesiastical and Civil Tyranny*—May the efforts, now making by our brethren in Europe, to emancipate themselves from these foes of human happiness, be pre-eminently successful. [Air—March to the Battle Field. Song—Freedom of the Press—by Mr. Burton.]

17. *The Republicans of every Country*—May they ere long shake hands over the grave of the last tyrant. [Air—Star Spangled Banner. Song—Let us Enquire—by Mr. Burton.]

LET US ENQUIRE !

Ye friends of Liberty, —
 Join heart and voice with me—

Let us Enquire.

Why, to this very day,
 Bears man o'er man rude sway ?

Oh ! 'tis they dare not say,

Let us Enquire.

Yet man shall soon confess,
 While Freedom guides the press,

All may Enquire.

Tyrants and priests in dread,
 (By fear and folly fed,)

Already hang the head,

When men Enquire.

Reason her seat shall claim,
 No longer merely name,

While we Enquire.

Science and truth shall stand,
 United, hand in hand,

Sounding through all the land—
 Let us Enquire !

18. *Universal Philanthropy*—May no private bias, or selfish motive, prevent us from promoting it. [Air—Life let us Cherish. Song—by Mr. Lawton.]

ORIGINAL SONG.

AIR—*All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border.*

March, march, friends of great THOMAS PAINE,
Forward, and march to the feast in good order;
Sound, sound, sound forth his mighty name;
Hail his Birthday on Columbia's border.

Let your united voice
Prove to the world your choice;
Freedom and virtue the theme of each story:
Let all unite and sing,
Death to each despot king,
Downfall to priests, to their wealth and their glory.
March, march, &c.

Come from the valley, the plain, and the mountain,
On, Freemen, on, to the feast come away;
Drink of the waters from Reason's pure fountain,
On, Freemen, on, to the feast then away!
Mirth and delight you'll find,
Wisdom with truth combined,
Bliss of the purest kind, friendship and order,
Shall wave their magic wand
Far over sea and land,
Till base oppression shrinks from each border.
March, march, &c.

Hail, hail, hail to the brave and free,
Hail to the Birthday of Freedom's defender;
Long, long, long, PAINE, thy name shall be
Blended with Freedom, exalted in splendor.
Long shall Columbia be
Home of the brave and free,
The pride of the world shall story record her;
While after times shall say,
PAINE, 'twas thy natal day
Shed freedom and light far, far o'er each border.
March, march, &c.

19. *The People*—The source of all political power. May they be sufficiently enlightened to exercise that power. [Air—All the Blue Bonnets. Song—by Mr. Stevenson.]

20. *The Fair*—May they soon enjoy equal rights and equal privileges with man. [Air—Green grow the Rushes. Recitation—What is Love?—by Mr. Morton.]

WHAT IS LOVE?—(BY PAINE.)

'Tis that delightsome transport we can feel
Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal,
Nor any art we know of, can conceal.
Can'st thou describe the sunbeams to the blind?
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we by description show
This first of all felicities below;
When happy love pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll,
When contemplation spreads her rainbow wings,
And every flutter some new rapture brings,
How sweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams renew the transports of the day.
We live in extacy to all things kind,
For love can teach a moral to the mind.

But are there not some other things that prove
 What is the wonder of the soul called love?
 Oh yes! there are, but of a different kind,
 The dreadful horrors of a tortured mind,
 Some jealous fiend throws his poisoned dart,
 And rends in pieces the distracted heart.
 When love's a tyrant, and the soul a slave,
 No hope remains for thought, but in the grave;
 In that dark den, it sees an end to grief,
 And what was once its dread, becomes relief.
 What are the iron chains that hands have wrought?
 The hardest chain to break is made of thought.
 Think well on this, ye lovers, and be kind,
 Nor play with torture on a tortured mind.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By the President. *Col. Richard M. Johnson*—The bold and fearless advocate and defender of civil and religious liberty. His Sunday Mail Reports entitle him to the gratitude of every Republican and lover of practical liberal principles.

B. J. Ditchett, 1st Vice President. *The Striped and Star Spangled Banner of America*—Blended in union and peace with the flags of nations, may it be honored on entering every foreign port.

By Mr. Offen, 2d Vice President. *Candor and Moral Courage*—Two indispensable ingredients in every advocate of free enquiry.

By a Guest. *Knowledge*—Where reason is left free to combat error, religious faith in revelations, miracles, and witchcraft, must give place to rational systems of ethics, founded on the nature and the condition of man.

By Walter Morton. *Prejudice*—“The spider of the mind.” Alas! the web which it has wove conceals from the view those rare and bright qualities which adorned the character of *Paine*.

By Gibbs Sibley. *Thomas Paine*—The first man who had the moral courage to teach the American people their religious and political rights—to disturb the hornet's nest of kings and priests, creed mongers and bigots, fanatics and fools.

By John Lawton. *Richard Carlile, and the Rev. Robert Taylor, of England*—Persecuted advocates of free discussion. May success crown their efforts by a speedy abolishment of those impositions which have so long been practised upon the credulity of mankind.

By J. Wells. *Thomas Paine's Age of Reason*—Christians read it; it will convince you of the impositions of priesthood.

By a Guest. *The tree of Liberty*—May it be surrounded by the beautiful plants of Reason and Knowledge, and may the poisonous weeds of priesthood and superstition be pulled up by the roots.

By John Lawton. *Our Public Highways*—May the unconstitutional practice of obstructing them for superstitious observances every seventh day, be speedily abolished, as a daring encroachment upon our RIGHTS and LIBERTIES.

By a Guest. *Sinful Acts*—When man shall know his true predicament in nature, he will no longer depend upon prayers and vicarious sufferings for the atonement of errors which he alone can rectify.

By George H. Evans. *Col. Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky*—The man who successfully defended the Citadel of Equal Rights against the first attack of the Legions of Priestcraft. A free people are preparing his reward.

By a Guest. *The Will of the late Stephen Girard*—The talisman to unrivet the chains prepared for millions yet unborn.

Sent by a lady. *Clinton*—May that name remain immortal as the magnificent statue of Causichi.

By John Lawton. *The brave but unfortunate Poles*—May a just and speedy retribution overtake their base oppressors.

By a Guest. *Religion*—Belief in unintelligible dogmas, about which mankind have been cutting each other's throats from the earliest period of recorded time. May the word be erased from all languages, and morals substituted in its place.

By T. L. Waddell. *Martin Van Buren*—A citizen of New-York.

By Mr. Offen. *The memory of the late Walter Morton*—The faithful friend, and executor of the Will of Thomas Paine, who closed Paine's eyes in death.

After the above toast was drank, Walter Morton, son of the deceased, rose and made the following reply, in an eloquent and impressive manner:—

Mr. Chairman—Permit me, Sir, to return my heartfelt thanks for this mark of respect paid to the memory of my deceased father. It is with much pleasure that I behold this numerous and respectable assemblage, met for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to the memory of departed worth and greatness. A kindly remembrance of the dead, of those who have, in this worldly career, shared our affections, who have mingled with our joys and participated in our sorrows, is at all times a pleasing task; but to the memory of those like the immortal *Paine*, whose whole life was devoted to the welfare and improvement of the human race, and the evidence of whose usefulness we now see, in the rapid extension of free and liberal principles, we recur with gratitude as well as pleasure. Who can peruse, with a prejudiced eye, his political writings, which made their appearance at the dawn of the revolution in this country, when we were under the subjection of a foreign and tyrannical power, groaning with the burden of taxation and oppression, and which had such a thrilling effect upon the minds of the people at that period? Compare the then situation of our country with what you now behold it; look around and about you, glory and prosperity attend us, peace and contentment smile about every dwelling; and when we reflect that it was the genius of *Paine* that was mainly instrumental in laying the foundation of our liberties, can we but feel our bosoms throb with admiration for his talents, and with gratitude for his invaluable services, while we must feel them thrill with indignation towards those who heap abuse upon his memory. Yes, there are *Americans*, to their shame be it said, who look upon you with disdain, if you lisp in terms of praise the name of *Paine*, merely because he had the independence to give to the world his opinions upon theology. Is it natural to suppose that a mighty mind like that of *Paine*, could be confined to the narrow limits of a prison house, and restrained from giving his views upon any subject?

Mr. Chairman—It is now twenty-three years since the man whose birth we are now celebrating, was returned unto the earth from which he sprang, and gathered to his fathers; and yet there are those who would wish to hide his talents and his fame in that grave where repose his ashes. Let it be our duty, Sir, to protect his memory and his name, from the foul breath of calumny and aspersion, whatever may have been his errors, (and who will deny that he had errors? for he was but human nature; and where can you point to it and find it freed from failings. But with *Paine*, I am inclined to the belief, "that even his failings leaned to virtue's side,") bury them in oblivion, cover them with the mantle of charity, of which Christians so much boast of being the possessors. But his merits and his virtues, hide not them; let them be raised above the tomb, and shine in that bright and conspicuous lustre which should ever attend them.

By R. D. Letter. *Abner Kneeland*—The worthy and honest Editor of the Boston Investigator, and able advocate of the rights of man.

By David I. Burger. *Robert Dale Owen, Editor of the Free Enquirer*—The amiable advocate of Free Enquiry, may his labors be as successful as his talents are conspicuous.

By J. W. Mitchell. *The Daily Sentinel and Working Man's Advocate*—The "faithful" guardians of the people's rights, and the "fearless" contemners of every principle that tends to a country's ruin—May their conductors, though unable to command success, ever continue to deserve it.

By a Guest. *The Memory of Thomas Paine*—May those who calumniate him, while living in the enjoyment of benefits which his efforts eminently contributed to attain, feel remorse and shame for their ingratitude.

By George Adams. May the wings of Liberty overspread the world, and the down fall in our city.

Sent by a Lady. *The memory of the immortal Thomas Paine*—The author of the Rights of Man, and the Age of Reason.

By G. Vale. *Mr. Paine as he was*—His opponents as they ought to be, ashamed of themselves.

By H. C. Spicer. *The fair Daughters of America*—who make “home, sweet home,” the paradise yet left to man.

By T. Thompson. *The Memory of Stephen Girard*—The friend of the orphan, and the enemy of priestly influence.

By C. Burton. *Miss Frances Wright*—The most intelligent woman of the age.

By John Morrison. *Lord Brougham*—The noble advocate of political and religious liberty in Great Britain.

By George H. Evans. *Thomas Herttell*—The able advocate of civil and religious liberty in the United States.

By T. Thompson. *Dr. Cooper, President of Columbia College, S. C.*—The learned and able, but persecuted defender of religious and civil liberty.

By a Guest. *Gen. La Fayette*—The undeviating Patriot and liberal Republican; may he live to see his beloved country enjoying the fruits of his arduous services—a Republican form of government, peace and happiness.

By a Guest. *Thomas Paine*—The benefactor of mankind—

His works remain the *greatest pain*
To priests, who would our minds enchain.

By a Guest. *The Church and State party*—May it be scattered to the four winds.

By E. Tallmadge. *Science*—May it spread through the world, and uproot every fable that has cursed the earth.

By B. Gillen. *His Satanic Majesty, who goes through the earth like a roaring lion*—May Common Sense soon send him to a quarter with his old acquaintances, the witches of Salem.

By W. Davies. *The Health of Mr. Wm. Cobbett, the vowed pupil of Thomas Paine*—The most powerful political writer since his instructor's death.

By a Guest. *America*—May the political clouds of despotism which darken Europe, never tarnish the sunlight of freedom which illuminates thee.

The following toast, and the paragraph, from a late English paper, which accompanies it, were handed to the President, and read by him from the chair during the evening.

Public Opinion—Ever varying: may *all** its variations be founded on intelligence and justice.

* *Change of Public Opinion*.—On the 13th of February, 1792, the effigy of Paine, after being shown about the streets, was attended by two sweeps, one bearing “The Rights of Man,” and the other “The Age of Reason.” A gallows was erected on Gosta Green, where, after hanging the usual time, he was committed to the flames, and the two books with him. On Saturday last, what was our surprise on beholding, on the very same spot, one of the Fathers in God, who so lately voted for a continuance of bribery, perjury, drunkenness, and crimes of all sorts, hanging on a gallows twelve feet high, with a label, on which was written, “Behold him! one of the unholy conclave of 21, who, while they are living on the public plunder, are the stern opposers of the liberty of the people.” After hanging the usual time that culprits hang, he was committed to the flames, as an example to evil doers.—*Birmingham Representative*.

The following effusion was delivered by Mr. Offen, in the course of the evening, introduced by the following remark:—“Mr. President, as it is not uncommon now-a-days for coblers to turn poets, I will, with your permission, give you the result of some reflections that have presented themselves to my mind since the toast, ‘Common Sense’ was drank.”

When freedom first her standard rais'd on fair Columbia's shore,
Her sons march'd forth to meet the foe, amid the cannon's roar !
The foe they fought like heroes brave, nor did they miss their aim,
For every shot was aided by the " Common Sense" of Paine.

What vict'ries did those heroes gain, for nought could make them yield,
Till British blood in torrents flow'd, and drenched the tented field ;
For liberty they fought and bled, no force could them dismay,
So British pride was soon put down, and with it British sway.

But faithful hist'ry doth record those deeds of glory won,
And nations yet unborn shall bless the name of Washington :
Americans, a boon I ask, let me not ask in vain,
Give not your laurels all away, but save one sprig for Paine.

Many volunteer toasts and sentiments were given during the evening which were not reduced to writing, and which consequently are unrecorded. The whole were accompanied, at intervals, by choice songs and recitations. After the company left the table, two of the gentlemen who had partaken of the repast, entertained the guests, as well as the company in the Ball Room, with an exhibition of correct portraits of Paine, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, &c., by the aid of the magic lantern. The whole evening was spent by the assembled multitude in uninterrupted hilarity and enjoyment, and no doubt with benefit to the cause of truth and liberal principles.

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